February 26th. 96.

My Darling.

My! How your ears ought to have burned, all last night. Mac finished her sketch of me about 1.30 A.M. and then we went to bed, but (we is me) not to sleep — for I must confess that after the manner of giddy girls, we talked until about 4 A. M. and you may imagine, your name was

not tabood from the
conversation, nor did I
talk little of you and
all our love meant for
me another. We got up
at 7 A. M. and after
breakfast, went to the
photographers where Mac
posed me, so you would
have a symbol of your
boy as she looked in
the stage last night
Hope the picture will
turn out decently —
but am fearful, as
I have since been told
that I would be an awfully
poor place.

Your letters of Saturday & Sunday came quick as we left the house. I have been deploring you all day today, such Beauties. I went to a grand musicale this afternoon, and when I returned found your picture and Monday night till (Ch. 8 chapter) waiting for me - now I shall get more tomorrow. I send you enclosed, a copy of a sermon which I heard Dr. Talmage preach Sunday before last. I know of such great help to me, in clearing up an

uncertain point and my
belief that I wrote to
him and asked him
if he would not publish
it. He replied that
he would, and sent me
several copies. I sent me
to Elsie, trusting it might
help if when you have
read your copy, hand it
on to some one for whom
it may help to a better
understanding of the demure
superiority of Christianity
as opposed to the mere good
fellowship of Buddhism.
I think that this sermon
would counteract the wide
spread harm done by
Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light
of Asia" which only has
the effect of muddling
superficial minds.
My love now, darling,
a sleepy kiss & God bless
it me the least of His sons from me
Your Edward

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